

"ON TO BERLIN!"

THE gay and witty French are a famous nation for dictating fashion, and the world is very prone to follow them. They have, it is true, thus far not been very successful in setting the example of this one, but said world will this time willingly, we opine, accept the will for the deed; and, notwithstanding the failure of the Grand Army and the Emperor in carrying out their programme, make their famous war cry of "On to Berlin!" the fashion and the watchword of the future.

This noted city has long borne the cognomen of Capital of Intelligence; and since it now bids fair to become the metropolis of a grand united German Empire, all eyes and hearts will be directed to it as the great centre of the most intelligent and warlike empire

of the world. In view of these considerations we propose to take the advance in a forward movement, and lay before our readers a concise picture of the home of Bismarck and King William, and the pride of the Hohenzollerns.

Berlin is a modern city. Paris and Vienna were ancient cities when it was born. In the middle of the fifteenth century the Iron Prince Frederick, the second of the Hohenzollerns, chose it over other cities of his realm as his royal residence. The favor of this princely race and the advantage of its position settled the fortunes of the growing town. It lies on a sandy plain between the Elbe and the Oder, and is traversed by the Spree, and bounded by the Havel; these rivers, together with a system of canals, give it an easy communica-



tion with the Baltic and the North Seas, and make it the natural centre of a very important inland trade. And to this material advantage we may add that of the most important network of railroads in all Germany. Seven of the principal roads of the country lead direct to Berlin, and three more prominent lines are in the course of construction.

It is already the principal emporium for the exchange of all the productions of art and industry of western Europe, with the natural productions of eastern Europe. It is the centre of the central realm of the Continent, and with its growing political and commercial importance bids fair to play a most significant rôle in the history of the future. Its growth has been marvellous for a European city. When the Hohenzollerns adopted it, the population numbered 9,000 souls. It then went through the horrors of the 'Thirty Years' War, and withstood sieges and sackings, and ten years of pestilence, until its population was nearly wiped out. But the Edict of Nantes gave it a large immigration of French Protestants, and the industry of its inhabitants, with the love of art in its princes, soon imparted to it a new impetus, so that at the beginning of the eighteenth century, on consolidating the suburbs with the central city, the whole numbered about 50,000 inhabitants. The inner walls were then razed, outer fortifications constructed, and the city fairly entered on its career of prosperity. When Frederick the Great assumed the throne, in 1740, there was a population of 90,000, of which over 20,000 were soldiers: thus nearly every fourth Berliner was a soldier. This fixed the character of the city as a royal residence filled with soldiers and civil officers.

In the beginning of the present century the population had risen to nearly 200,000; then for a long series of years the wars with the French, and their cruel garrisons and exactions, reduced the numbers by at least one-fourth. The fall of Napoleon and the release of thousands from the army gave a new impetus to the city, and it then fairly started on that career of greatness that has since marked its history.

The laurels won by the Prussians found their expression in the monuments of the

heroes that had helped to crush the usurper; with these the first artists of the land adorned the city, while master-pieces of architecture rose in quick succession. Trade and industry joined hands with science and art, and the second hundred thousand of the civil population was soon reached.

And now the march became more rapid; in sixteen years another hundred thousand were added, and then began the era of railroads, that brought a large laboring population into the city, for the construction of machinery. Under Frederick William the Fourth, father of the present king, the city was greatly enlarged and beautified. Its finest ornament, the "Zoological Park," was then laid out and adorned, and besides many specimens of splendid private architecture, new museums and opera houses, and other public edifices of rare beauty and value were constructed. In 1848 the fourth hundred thousand was added to the population, and the recent census declares this to be now doubled, making the present number of inhabitants about 800,000. This is a city of which any sovereign may be proud, and within whose palaces even the Lord of the Tuileries might not suffer from loneliness.

We are sorry, however, to say that the gallant French officers would have missed their gay and matchless Boulevards. Berlin, like Paris, has frequently outgrown its fortifications, but has been so unwise as to build them up on forming new outlines. The grand promenade of Berlin is known as "Under the Linden," a magnificent avenue extending from the famous and historical Brandenburg Gate to the Royal Palace, and other architectural monuments in the centre of the city. With its drives and bridle-roads and walks, bounded on either side by hotels, ambassadorial and private residences and public edifices, and adorned with the linden trees that give it its name, it is a fitting thoroughfare from the principal entrance of the city to the royal residence, and a capital arena for triumphal marches and processions; though it is not the Parisian Boulevards. But if the Berliners have failed in their city promenades, they have made it up in their matchless Park, which borders close on the Brandenburg

Gate at the end of the Linden. The growth of the city has virtually brought these extensive and highly ornamented grounds into its very interior, and besides making them a most attractive and convenient place of resort, they act as lungs for the capital, a breathing-place for its inhabitants, and a charming outlook for the aristocratic residences which border it.

The city is rapidly undergoing transformations, and everything has the appearance of a transition state more than any other capital in Europe. The various quarters are becoming more consolidated, and improvements are being introduced to give them easier access to each other. But the city daily feels the necessity of more central and circular avenues as thoroughfares for its growing population, and some German Haussmann will doubtless soon arise, who will make it the business of his life to pull down and build up with a view to beautifying the city. The plan laid out for the child proves not half big enough for the man, and a new scale has just been adopted for a city of two millions of inhabitants. The centre of the capital, with its numerous bridges over the Spree, is already becoming so crowded with people at certain hours of the day that loud cries are made for relief of some kind. Relief will doubtless be gained by leaving this to the purposes of trade, and forming a new geographical centre farther to the west, to which point the city is now inclining.

In one respect Berlin has a very marked peculiarity;—the houses of the centre of the city are low, and they rise in height as they approach the suburbs, in which most of them are six stories high, ranged house on house. And these suburbs, with few exceptions, are well built and of aristocratic mien. There is no dwindling away of the city into rookeries and shanties, as is the case in most towns. The police now control the erection of new buildings in conformity to a general plan, and the value of land is so great that all are desirous of putting as much house-room on it as possible.

Each quarter of Berlin has its special physiognomy; the interior is the seat of the wholesale trade, and west of this lies the active and busy retail business, with its rows of splendid stores and attractive windows.

The hotels, fashionable restaurants, and large banking-houses are in the Dorothean Quarter, while the famous Wilhelm's Strasse is an endless avenue intersecting the city in its greatest length, and bordered with the palaces of the ministries and the highest aristocracy. The Frederick Quarter, is popularly known as that of the "Privy-Councillors," from the vicinity of the ministerial buildings and the dignified quiet of the lordly dwellings occupied by the higher civil officers and the moneyed aristocracy, living in charming villas bordering on the "Zoological Park." The officers of lower grade and pensioners of the government occupy another quiet quarter by themselves, where the dwellings are cheaper but retired and agreeable.

The large industrial factories lie in the extreme east, on both sides of the river; here are crowded, one on another, establishments for making furniture, working metals, and tanning leather, and opposite to them those for shawls and cloths. Besides these we see gigantic buildings devoted to the production of sugar, spirits, paper, silks, etc., and yards for wool, wood, and coal. Beyond them are the vegetable gardens, and near these the great markets for garden produce and cattle. Here of course live the poor and laboring classes, whose Quarter is in striking contrast with the wealth and splendor of West End.

Berlin has also its "Latin Quarter," near the schools where congregate the medical students, principally on account of the vicinity of the clinical hospitals and the halls for demonstrating anatomy. Its retirement and freedom from business houses make it desirable for those engaged in study. The suburbs that extend beyond are famous for their industrial iron works, and their many shrines in the form of beer-gardens. And finally we have the dangerous Quarter of "Moabite," which, like the Saint Antoine of Paris, can always furnish a contingent for a fray. A few months ago the Moabites indulged in the recreation of attacking a convent, which they think obnoxious in their vicinity.

The suburbs beyond the city, in all directions, are rapidly growing, especially on both sides of the Park. Charlottenburg, situated on its border, now numbers sixteen thousand

souls, and it and the city proper will soon meet and join. The same may be said of the villages in the direction of Potsdam, the Versailles of Berlin. A few years will find the outer lines largely extended to take all these in.

In the inner city the two and three story houses are rapidly disappearing, and tall six-story ones are taking their places. And one-half of these have cellar dwellings; it is computed that a tenth of the population live in these, to the great disadvantage of their health and comfort. But while Paris and Vienna choose to build higher houses, Berlin prefers to go below the ground. The value of property is so great that architects are resorting to every means of using space, and yards are entirely disappearing, except in aristocratic dwellings. Rented houses are always constructed in flats, and the social standing of the occupant can be determined by the one he occupies. The difference is vast between a front and a rear house, and the basement and the first story. The second, third, and perhaps the fourth are nearly alike, on account of the conveniences of water, and access to cellar and roof, but the fifth and sixth fall in the social scale as they rise into the fresh pure air. Although houses are increasing in great numbers, and quarters contracting, on moving-day, last April, no less than 800 families reported themselves to the police as without homes, and begged assistance in procuring shelter.

To show the accuracy of their social statistics we state a few cases: There are 83,000 households with none but the members of their own family; 32,000 that employ servants, or have subordinates living with them; and 38,000 that rent rooms furnished to occupants, or accommodate lodgers. Forty-six per cent. of the population is unmarried, and forty-five married—the rest in widowhood or divorced. Seventy-eight per cent. have fixed residences, and twenty-two are moving about, as clerks, servants, lodgers, etc.; 344,000 are reported as earning their living, and 355,000 as living on these, or dependents. The whole population is quoted as having some religion, according to their confirmation; 630,271 are Protestants; 49,922 are Catholics; 27,565 are Jews, and only 197 are marked as of

other creeds. The civil authorities know *every thing* in the capital, as Von Moltke is said to have known every road, rock, eminence, and tree in his march through France. Such noses, and eyes, and patience are possessed only by the Germans.

In the matter of religion Berlin is not much to boast of; they are enrolled on church registers, and with most of them it ends there. The parishes are enormously large; in some instances 25,000 souls to one pastor. About 12,000 of them, on an average, go to church on Sunday, and some 4,000 appear at communion in a month, and still the city bears the external appearance on the Sabbath of paying a passable degree of respect to church services, for during these the public resorts are closed, and all is quiet. The Court is orthodox and religious, and the King himself is very fervent, as may be seen by his despatches to his Queen and nation. The Catholics and Jews are gaining on the Protestants—a result of the liberal measures of the Protestant government to other confessions. The Jews of Berlin are very influential and intelligent, and their social position is high. Their "salons" have some of the choicest reunions of the capital, and their children visit the best schools in much greater proportion than the other confessions. Their synagogues are among the finest religious temples of the city, and they cluster around these with their dwellings, so as to form a "Jewish Quarter."

In morals the Berliners are just twice as well behaved as the Parisians, having half the number of illegitimate births. Eight per cent. of children in Paris are still-born, in Berlin but three per cent. Paris, without additions from the provinces, would soon die out. Berlin increases from its own births at the rate of 6,000 per annum. Of the entire population in Berlin, one-half are born within its walls. Its rapid increase, however, is mainly owing to the immense immigration from the surrounding country. Thousands and thousands are yearly pouring in to fill up the great industrial establishments. The locomotive works of Borsig alone nearly fill and populate a suburb. And, what is very remarkable, of its entire population only one per cent. is not German.

Berlin is a bee-hive from early dawn till midnight, the toilers beginning in the morning, and the pleasure-seekers going last from theatres, concerts, and parties; 50,000 people and 5,000 carriages pass certain given points from seven in the morning till eight o'clock in the evening; 30,000 strangers enter Berlin daily, and find 27,000 droschkes, or light one-horse hacks, ready to take them anywhere in the city for a dime; 12,000,000 people use omnibuses in the course of the year, and pay only half a million of dollars for it. These same little droschkes will take you with a friend or two several miles out of town to a suburban concert-garden for a trifle more. Everybody uses the droschkes, because they cost almost nothing, and are so much more pleasant than the crowded omnibuses. If you want one almost at any point in the city, just go to the door and whistle; in a minute your "brother-in-law," as the good-natured drivers are generally called, will be bowing to your "excellency."

If you would rather stay at home, and send a line to a friend, the city post is at your service. You can scarcely step out of doors without finding a post-station, where your letter will be taken hourly and conveyed in light wagons to the main post-office in thirty-five minutes. In fifteen more it will be on its way again to its destination, and in an hour and a half from the time you mailed it in the hands it is destined for. Fourteen times per day these letter-boxes are emptied, and on special days, like New Year's, still oftener. Hundreds of these letter-post wagons are flying about the city all the time, some of them delivering light packages as well as letters.

In Berlin, time is money. In this respect it is an American rather than a German city. If the city-post is not expeditious enough, there is the city telegraph, which for seven cents will send a despatch of twenty words to any one of twenty stations, without a moment's delay, and thence a few minutes must place it in the hands that it is seeking. As you start from your place of business, some miles from your home, just telegraph to your wife that a friend is coming along to dine with you, and she will order a little more, or a little better dinner, and you will find it on

the table all ready for you when you arrive.

This intense activity of the Berliners also finds its development in the newspapers and periodicals. They use the telegraph and Transatlantic cable freely, and have the most intelligent and influential men as editors and contributors. A new life has sprung up in this field since Bismarck headed the liberal movement in Germany, and instead of two or three dry and musty journals, absolutely destitute of anything like news, the great capital has now nine large dailies, some of which appear twice, and often have from five to eight supplements or extras. An army of compositors and printers work day and night, and endless bales of paper are daily printed on the modern steam-presses. Besides these political sheets, Berlin has two papers devoted to court reports, that also take a hand in politics; and then come the famous funny weeklies, known as *Kladderadatsch*, and the *Wasp*. The former has lately been splitting the sides of patriotic Berliners with its caricatures of "Old Nap." and "Young Nap." on their onward march to Berlin; while the *Wasp*, with its sting, has been puncturing English neutrality and Russian envy. Then we may add—for those in the interest of art and science, fashion, music, and the drama, the Church, the State, and the school; and, indeed, every other conceivable interest—about two hundred organs. Some of these have a circulation co-extensive with civilization.

The favorite daily with the Berliners is the *Vossische Gazette*. It is the oldest of the capital and its twin is the *Spener*. No good Berliner can get along, at home or abroad, without "Aunty Voss," as it is called. It has received this endearing title from the fact that, like the London *Times*, it always goes hand in hand with public opinion, and is a perfect mirror of Berlin life and thought. It intends to be liberal at all times in politics and religion, and generally satisfies the most enlightened and refined portion of the citizens. The *Spener Gazette* is, on the contrary, the organ of the official and professorial circles, and generally feels like compromising matters in a quiet way, rather than talking loudly and



gesticulating, like his colleague, "Aunty Voss." This comfortable and thoughtful bearing has gained for the sheet the envious cognomen of "Uncle Spener." The two make a pretty fair couple, but do not represent young and radical Berlin by any means. Among the journals established under the new *régime*, the *People's Gazette* holds a high rank, and is skillfully edited in the liberal interest. The *Future* is another new and popular journal, devoted to the interests of "German unity;" while the organ of the moderate liberals is the *National Gazette*. The *Cross Gazette*, that we frequently see quoted by foreign journals as the government mouthpiece, is half soldier and half monk—fighting on the feudal platform for both throne and altar, neither of which fully accepts it as a champion. The journalists who give character and tone to these sheets are men of the highest rank in the profession, with but few exceptions, and they and their journals deserve far more attention than our space will allow us to bestow on them.

Indeed, the more one examines the deeds and the doings of the Prussian capital, the more exhaustless do they seem, and we despair of doing them justice within our limits. Stop anywhere on its busy thoroughfares, and we will tell you a story worth listening to. There, for instance, is an immense barrack, lately turned into a mart of trade. Twenty years ago Prussia was simply a land of schools and barracks, but now a new and modern element has stepped in to give it strength and wealth. The industrial has joined the soldier and the scholar, and the trio are marching on to unexampled victories in their respective spheres. Berlin thanks her artisans for the astounding development that is making her a metropolis. The hum of industry is everywhere peopling and enlivening her sandy plains and her long lines of avenues. This palace of industry, formerly a barrack, now contains thousands of workmen, busy from morning till night in the manufacture of articles that are exposed for sale in the beautiful stores below.

Go with us to the royal residence, and we will show you near it a palace turned into a university that is the pride of Prussia and the

wonder of the world. Sixty years ago and it was not; now it numbers 200 professors and 2,500 students. In this short life it has grown to be a giant, and has nurtured giants. We dare not begin the enumeration of the men that have taught within its walls; some of the best and noblest of them have been intellectual fathers to us; and the days of youth that stand out brightest in our memory are those during which we sat at their feet, and drank of their exhaustless well-springs of knowledge. Students from every clime that civilization has reached throng its hall and lecture-rooms; and we say not too much in declaring that of all of these the Americans seem to be treated with the most kindness and consideration. *Civis Americanus sum* ever proves an "open sesame" to the most secure literary retreat, as well as to the most polished and intelligent circles. And thus it is at this hour in school and State. Bismarck admits an American citizen when others are rejected, and in the best and most fluent English inquires after all our public matters, and shows an astonishing interest in all our developments. Bancroft is at home among Prussian statesmen, and delights them with his knowledge of their affairs, and his ability to address them in their native speech. The Germans have had faith in us and in our bonds, and they fully deserve the widespread sympathy manifested for them throughout the land.

From the palace or the university the eye can scarcely turn without resting on some noble monument of architecture or of art. It may be the equestrian statue of "Old Fritz" (Frederick the Great), who sowed the seed for the present race of soldiers; or that of "Marshal Forwards," as the Prussians like to call old Blücher. It may be the museums, new and old, filled with the rarest works of modern art, as well as a rich collection of paintings from all the schools. Through these, art students or amateurs are led by their teachers, and taught with the very masterpieces before them, as the medical student enjoys his clinic. Or it may be the Egyptian and Oriental Museum, in which the scholar can see collected the rarest specimens of every article of interest in Egyptian

life or art. These have been collected at a great outlay of means on the part of the government, and by the first oriental scholars of the age. Travelers in Egypt can see nothing like it, as travelers in Italy cannot find so extensive a collection of sculptured art, in the original or in casts, in any one spot.

And then there are the temples of the legitimate drama and classic music, both unsurpassed in their line, whose boards have resounded with the works or the voices of the dramatic geniuses of the past and the present. Not far away is the Royal Library, where books are numbered up to hundreds of thousands, and where the custom is not to examine a catalogue, but to ask for any book

you may need, expecting to get it, and rarely being disappointed.

And—but we must stop, though we have scarcely begun to enumerate the treasures and the rare monuments of the Hohenzollerns. No wonder they have attracted covetous eyes! They are worth having, and no one knew it better than the misguided man who raised the cry of “On to Berlin!” He himself has stopped half way, but he has set the world on the path, and given Prussia an opportunity to gain the finest laurels ever won by any nation in the same short space of time. But she covets nobler ones still, and is destined to gain them. The world will soon award her those of art, industry, learning, and peace.

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